

# The Musical World.

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**HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.**—M. JULLIEN'S ANNUAL SERIES OF CONCERTS, for ONE MONTH ONLY.—M. Jullien begs respectfully to announce that the Directors of Her Majesty's Theatre having placed that magnificent Establishment at his disposition for the Winter Season, his annual series of Concerts will begin on Wednesday, November 5th, 1856. Promenade, Upper Boxes, and Gallery, 1s.; Private Boxes, 10s. 6d., 21s., and upwards. For full particulars see Prospectus, to be had (gratis) at all the Music Libraries, and at the Opera Box Office, Haymarket.

**HACKNEY.—GRAND EVENING CONCERT.**—THIS EVENING, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25th, 1856, at the MANOR ROOMS. Vocalists: Madame Enderssohn, Fanny Huddart, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. M. W. Balfe, the celebrated composer of the "Bohemian Girl," etc., etc. Instrumentalists: Concertina, Mr. George Case; Pianoforte, Miss Arabella Goddard. Conductor: Mr. M. W. Balfe. Programme.—Part I. Trio, "Memory," Henry Leslie—Madame Enderssohn, Miss Huddart, and Mr. Sims Reeves; Song, "The Viva-déjà," Frank Mori—Madame Enderssohn; Sonata, Pianoforte, Beethoven—Miss Arabella Goddard; Song, "When the moon," Molière—Mr. Sims Reeves; Song, "The summer bloom," Hay—Miss Huddart; Solo, Concertina, Case—Mr. George Case; Song, "This is the place, stand still, my steed," Balfe—Mr. Sims Reeves. Part II.—Duet, "Parigi, o cara" (La Traviata), Verdi—Madame Enderssohn and Mr. Sims Reeves; Song, "The reaper and the flowers," Balfe—Miss Huddart; Two Songs, "The arrow and the song," "The happiest land," Longfellow and Balfe—Mr. M. W. Balfe; Fantasia, pianoforte (La Traviata), Gury—Miss Arabella Goddard; Song, "Ah! forse è lui" (La Traviata), Verdi—Madame Enderssohn; Serenade, "Good night, beloved," Balfe—Mr. Sims Reeves; Solo, concertina, Case—Mr. George Case; Duet, "Trust her not," Balfe—Madame Enderssohn and Miss Huddart. Reserved Seats, 3s. 6d.; Back Seats, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. 6d.; may be had of Mr. Phillips, Mr. Pope, Mr. Lloyd, and Mr. Barker, Church-street, Hackney; Mr. Gribble, the Green, Clapton; Messrs. Kenney and Co., Hackney-road; and of Messrs. Boosey and Sons, 24, Holles-street, Cavendish-square. Doors open at Half-past Seven, to commence at Eight o'clock.

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## VERDI v. CALZADO.

M. VERDI, composer of the operas, *Il Trovatore*, *La Traviata*, and *Rigoletto*, summoned before the civil tribunal of the Seine, M. Calzado, director of the Théâtre-Italien, in order that he, M. Calzado, might be prevented from representing without the consent of him, Verdi, the three operas specified. Maître Ballot pleaded for Verdi, and Maître Paillard de Villeneuve for Calzado. The cause having been heard, the following judgment was recorded by the tribunal:—

"Seeing that by the terms of Article 11 of the Code of Napoleon, foreigners only enjoy in France the same civil rights as those accorded to Frenchmen by treaties with the nations they represent; that the decree of March 28, 1852, established a solemn exception to this article, in granting to the foreign author of literary, scientific, or artistic works, the right to proceed against *contrefaçon* on the French territory, as if even the treatise mentioned in Article 11 did not exist; that this privilege, granted by the French legislator to the proprietors of intellectual works published abroad, precisely on account of its being exceptional, should be applied and contained within the limits assigned to it; that an attentive examination of the terms of this decree proves that it only acts in favor of the foreign author by protecting him against the material and durable *contrefaçon* of his work, whether by printing, engraving, moulding, or any other process which allows of distributing and selling proofs and copies (*et les produits contrefaits*), but that there is no allusion to the theatrical representation of dramatic or musical works, previously produced abroad; that this distinction, and this exclusion of representation, manifestly result from the terms of article 1, which refers to Article 425 of the Penal Code, which only treats of editions of writings, musical works *et cetera*; that it is the same in Article 2, which only speaks of the importation or expedition of counterfeit works assimilated to the introduction in France of works themselves counterfeited abroad; that the terms and spirit of this article, as of the preceding one, are manifestly exclusive of the theatrical reproduction or representation considered as means of *contrefaçon*; that this intention of the legislator becomes still more clear and emphatic, when we find in the preamble of the decree, side by side with the reference to preceding laws, the recapitulation of Articles 425, 426, 427, and 429 of the Penal Code; that the omission, necessarily voluntary, of Article 428 proves in a striking manner that the legislator did not comprehend among the modes of *contrefaçon* that of theatrical representation, which is the exclusive subject of article 428; that it results from all the preceding, that in France the representation in a theatre of a literary or musical work, already represented on the stage of a foreign country which has entered with the French government into no treaty protecting the right of authors, is not prohibited by the legislation which regulates the matter:—

"In fact, seeing that Verdi is a foreigner, and born in the Duchy of Parma; that the operas *La Traviata*, *Il Trovatore*, and *Rigoletto*, of which Verdi is the composer, were first produced in the theatre at Milan; that no treaty exists between the governments either of Parma or of Austria, and the government of France, relating to the protection of the rights of authors of intellectual works, and that thus Verdi was without the right to prevent Calzado, director of the Théâtre-Italien of Paris, from announcing and representing at his theatre the three operas in question; seeing that the letter of Dec. 11, 1855, written by Calzado to Verdi, does not contain on the part of Calzado a legal engagement by which Verdi can take advantage:—

"In the matter of damages and interests:—seeing that Verdi, in opposing without right the representation of the *Trovatore* on the Italian stage, caused M. Calzado a loss for which Verdi owes him reparation; that the tribunal finds in the cause reasons sufficient for fixing the amount of reparation at 1000 francs; \* the tribunal declares Verdi and Blanchet ill founded in their demand; condemns them (*solidement*) to pay to Calzado the sum of 1000 francs, in title of damages and interests; † and condemns Verdi and Blanchet to pay the expenses."

The justice of this verdict has been variously discussed. Verdi, and his advisers, it appears, used every exertion to get up a good case, and to ruin M. Calzado. They even wrote to Rossini, re-

commending him to make a similar demand upon the manager of the Théâtre-Italien, for the right of playing his operas. Rossini immediately answered in the following terms:—"Non seulement je n'irai jamais demander de l'argent au Théâtre-Italien, mais je voudrais pouvoir lui en donner." Rossini, being nothing better than a man of genius and the greatest of Italian composers, is quite aware that he owes some part of his fame to the theatre in which his works were first introduced to the French public. Such condescension must not be expected from the impetuous creator of *Attila* and *Stifellio*.

## SIGNOR VERDI—MADAME MEDORI, &amp;c.

(Translated from "Le Constitutionnel," Oct. 13.)

MADAME MEDORI is a Belgian artist, brought up, it may be said, in Italy, and who wherever she has sung has obtained the greatest success. She could only make her *début* in Paris at the present moment in one of two parts—Valentine, in the *Huguenots*, or Hélène, in the *Vêpres Siciliennes*. The part of Hélène was brilliantly created by Sophie Cruvelli and subsequently assumed by Mdlle. Moreau Sainti, whose *début* was more fortunate than under the circumstances might have been expected. Viewing things in the best light, it was no great advantage for Mad. Medori to equal her two predecessors in a part which they had both played very well only a short time previous. The *Huguenots* has not been represented in a very remarkable manner for more than a year—since, in short, the secession of Mdlle. Cruvelli. In this opera, therefore, the *débutante* would have had to struggle with impressions less recently formed, and in any case to vanquish one rival instead of two. It appears, then, that Mad. Medori ought to have preferred the *Huguenots* to the *Vêpres*. Why did she prefer the *Vêpres* to the *Huguenots*?

I will endeavour to make my readers acquainted with the reverse side of the cards, and with the more satisfaction since what I have to tell them compromises neither individual interests nor propriety. Mad. Medori selected, of her own good will, the part of Hélène, in preference to that of Valentine, in the first place because Hélène was inscribed in her engagement, at the head of the catalogue of her "*rôles de début*." This, however, was only a matter of form, as she was allowed the choice between the *Vêpres* and the *Huguenots*. I am even inclined to think that the management of the Opera would have preferred the last-named work. The true reason which induced "the Medori" to begin by M. Verdi, without on that account renouncing Meyerbeer, is that Meyerbeer does not seem quite decided about giving his *Africaine* just now (whatever may have been published to the contrary), while M. Verdi offered her the *Trovatore*, which is about to be translated into French, reconsidered, corrected, and enlarged, under the attractive title of the *Trouvère*. This was the bit of sugar which M. Verdi showed, or which was shown for him, to Mad. Medori, the sweetmeat suspended aloft before the eyes of the *débutante*, and for the possession of which she was led to hope. An artist before all must have parts; a *cantatrice* engaged at the rate of 10,000 francs (£400) per month, must make herself useful to the administration of the theatre, in order to justify the money-value affixed to her services. Mad. Medori (and the sentiment does her honour) was anxious to work for her salary. She therefore did not hesitate to give the preference to M. Verdi, who offered her two parts instead of one. But before discussing whether she did well, and was wisely counselled, it is necessary to explain how the *Trovatore*, which has hitherto belonged to the *répertoire* of the Italiens, is about to be transferred to the Opera.

By virtue of an absolute right of property—contested with regard to works first produced in Italy, and especially those which have already been presented at the Théâtre-Italien—M. Verdi, it is affirmed, demanded an indemnity of 20,000 francs (£800) for the privilege of performing his works, of which, as an additional consideration, he proposed to superintend the *mise-en-scène* himself. M. Verdi protests that he does not care for the money; and heaven forbid that he should be doubted! It is merely, he assures us, a question of dignity and *amour propre*. He has no confidence in M. Calzado;

\* "Attendu que les chefs de demande relatifs à l'exécution provisoire, et à la contrainte par corps, ne sont pas justifiés; Par ces motifs, le tribunal dit qu'il n'y a lieu à référé."

† "Dit qu'il n'y a lieu à prononcer ni la contrainte par corps, ni l'exécution provisoire, laquelle est requise hors des cas prévus par la loi."



he likes not the artists of M. Calzadò; the theatre of M. Calzadò inspires him with nothing good. By the medium of 20,000 francs, however, confidence might be renewed; but then M. Calzadò would have to be placed under control, and M. Verdi himself would undertake to be the controller. M. Calzadò has declined this year to submit to the pretensions of M. Verdi. Several conferences finally led to a rupture. M. Verdi forbade the Théâtre-Italien to play any of his compositions for the future. The question is already submitted to the tribunals, and we have nothing to say about the point of law while justice has yet to pronounce its final decision. Of two things, one, nevertheless; either M. Verdi will gain his action or will lose it. If he loses it, he will have embroiled himself, to no purpose, with the director of the Italiens, who will have the free use of his works, and, should the fancy take him, may cause them to fail; he will have disobliged, without any profit to himself, several distinguished artists, the majority his compatriots; he will have shown himself little grateful towards a theatre, the first to make his works known in France, which led to his music being performed at the Opera. If he wins his action so much the worse for him; instead of two theatres to produce his operas, he will only have one. A pretty victory! M. Verdi will find himself in the position of a husband who, to provoke his wife, inflicts nameless injuries upon himself; he worse than abdicates, he almost commits suicide.

And now, what are likely to be the consequences to the Théâtre-Italien of its difference with M. Verdi? Either it will be able to do without his works, or it will not. If it can live and thrive without the aid of M. Verdi, it will be a proof before all the world that the compositions of that *maestro* have no longer any value, and that it is a good thing to be rid of them. But if the Théâtre-Italien is compelled to close its doors and send its artists to the right-about, M. Verdi will always retain the regret of having contributed to its ruin. I am aware that it will be in his power to retort, "I wash my hands of the affair; I only demanded what was my right; I had no confidence," &c., &c., &c. But the spectres of famished singers will come to trouble his repose. The phantom of M. Calzadò, larger than nature, will appear to him, in the silence of the chamber—

"When night makes a weird sound of its own stillness"—

and hollow in his ears, in deep and sepulchral tones:—

"Thou didst compel me, last year, to engage Mario; and to satisfy thee, this year, I have re-engaged Mario at the fabulous terms of 75,000 francs\* for four months! Give me back the *Trovatore*!"

"Thou didst speak to me of the Piccolomini, and I have been forced to give that young artist the eyes out of my head†—first because she enjoys a great renown, and next because she is the niece of a cardinal! Give me back the *Traviata*!"

"Thou didst boast to me of M. Corsi; and to obtain M. Corsi I was obliged to make large sacrifices. Give me back *Rigoletto*!"

But all this takes us a long way off from the opera and the *début* of Mad. Medori. Never mind, we shall get back again soon, and nothing will have been lost by the delay. During a period of three months, M. Verdi was always on the point of starting for Italy, where his numerous engagements demanded his presence. He was in a great hurry. No matter upon what subject any one might address him, he pulled out his watch and said—"Make haste; I leave to night at eight o'clock; I haven't a minute to spare." In all his interviews with M. Calzadò, or with the representatives and counsellors of that gentleman, he would look twenty times at his watch, rise from his chair, put on his hat, and reiterate—"I must go; I am going; I am gone." Mad. Medori arrives in Paris, and begs M. Verdi to be kind enough to go through the *Vêpres* with her. "I am willing"—says M. Verdi—"but let us make haste; I start directly, and have already lost much precious time. I have a thousand affairs at Venice, Naples, and Milan. Besides I have confidence in you; you are the artist I require. For how long are you engaged?" "For two

months"—replies Mad. Medori. "That is little—too little; it should be at least six months . . . I have an idea," "What idea?" "I have no time now—*Diab! Diab!* It is half-past six; and in an hour . . ." "But pray be good enough to hear me." "And my portmanteau!"

There are providential chances, inspirations only to be explained by magnetism and *clairvoyance*. While M. Verdi was about to depart, the director of the Opera came and proposed that he should transform the *Trovatore* into the *Trouvère*, and have the opera played in French. There had been some talk of this three months previously, but it was one of those evanescent projects which are no sooner formed than abandoned. Translations have never succeeded at the Opera. *Lucia*, for example—a charming work, is only used as a *lever de rideau*. The *Freischütz* failed; *Otello* could not keep its place in the *répertoire*; even *Moise*, one of the most splendid masterpieces of Rossini, almost entirely retouched, and enriched by an admirable *finale*, only drew money at the last revival (thanks to Mad. Bosio); and this was less a translation than a new work. M. Verdi cannot complain that we place him in bad company; we do not contest his talent; we speak of translations in general. Judge:—

Robert Bruce—a failure; *Les Martyrs*—a failure! *Jerusalem*—a failure; *Louise Miller*, a failure.

Will the *Trouvère* be luckier? We hope so; but the absurd melodrama which serves as pretext for the music must be entirely changed. The Italian language is so beautiful and sonorous, that the grossest stupidities uttered in the *Salle Ventadour* pass unnoticed. I do not believe it is the same at the Opera. I defy anyone not to choke with laughter at the famous recital of the Gipsy,\* when she recounts (to the accompaniment of a *bolero*) how her unhappy son was roasted by mistake, and how she took one baby for the other out of the ashes. What seems to have decided the Opera in this instance to apply to M. Verdi, was the fact of having Madame Borghi at hand—Madame Borghi, who has sung the *Trovatore* about sixty times—and Madame Medori, about to make her *début* in the *Vêpres Siciliennes*. No new work was ready to put in rehearsal;† but two artists who cost so dear must not be left unemployed. And thus originated the idea of the translation.

"I am in a great hurry"—replied M. Verdi—"I leave by the 8 o'clock train." "Listen—I beg of you!"—retorted the director of the Opera, with that extreme politeness for which he is universally noted. "The matter is one of great importance. Madame Medori has 10,000 francs per month; we are only bound to her for two months; but if you have confidence in her, if you think that the *Vêpres Siciliennes* and the *Trovatore* can suit her, we will prolong her engagement to six months, without even waiting for her *début*, on condition that you superintend yourself the rehearsals of the last opera, and remain in Paris till December." M. Verdi—whose character, eminently honourable, is beyond the reach of censure—looked at his watch. It was five minutes past eight, and the train started at eight. It being now too late, he at once yielded to the solicitations of the director. With the best good faith he consigned both his parts to Madame Medori, reckoning upon a success which appeared to him all the more certain inasmuch as he could neither doubt of his own works, nor of an artist who had been applauded by all Europe. He pledged himself to compose a *finale*, a duet, and a ballet, in order that the score of the *Trouvère* might be more complete and worthy of the Opera. We should add, moreover, that (if our information is exact) the indemnity which M. Verdi receives for the new labour he has undertaken, and as compensation for adjourning his departure, is a proof of his moderation and disinterestedness, being much less than what he would have gained in Italy.

One thing, however, seems to have suggested itself to nobody—viz., that the music of M. Verdi might please less at the Opera than at the Italiens. To speak frankly, the impression generally with which the audience dispersed the other night, after the performance of the *Vêpres Siciliennes*, was not favour-

\* £3,000.

† *Payer les yeux de la tête*—in free English, "to pay through the nose!"

\* Azucena—see Maufredo Maggione, No. 2—"ante," page 540.

† How about the *Rose de Florence*?

able. And yet it was one of the best representations we have witnessed of that work. Obin, Gueymard, and Bonnehée, all sang their best; nevertheless every one must have remarked, that the instant Madame Medori was no longer on the stage, orchestra-stalls, boxes, and amphitheatre, became deserted, and the occupants were seen strolling listlessly in the lobbies or the foyer. A profound *ennui* weighed upon the audience. In spite of the "beaux morceaux" which the score contains, the four personages who pursue each other for nearly five hours, crying—"Oh, my father!"—"Oh, my son!"—"Oh, my Hélène!"—"Oh, my country!"—are desperately monotonous. The shopkeepers in the Passage de l'Opéra must have been very much surprised to see the crowd come out about ten o'clock. After the *Sicilienne* scarcely a soul remained in the house. This was not a good augury for the *Trouvère*. The first representations of the *Vépres* brought receipts as high as 10,000 francs, and the public seemed to have a taste for the music. How are we to explain a reaction so marked? Simply, we are no longer in the fever of the Exposition Universelle; Sophie Cravelli has married, and quitted the stage; and *Guillaume Tell* has just been performed ten times in succession.

My readers will now understand why I have taken so long to arrive at the *débutante*. In plain truth Madame Medori has not yet made her *début*. Her first step counts for nothing; she must try again. It is impossible that the greatest cities in Europe, the most competent and enlightened judges, should be mistaken in so strange a manner. No one can believe that Naples, Vienna, London,\* St. Petersburg, Milan, Venice, would have lavished their treasures, their bravos, and their laurel-wreaths upon a cantatrice unable to rise above the level of mediocrity. Mad. Medori was ill-inspired when she selected the part of Hélène. The music is too low for her, and she could only shine in those passages which demand energy and force. (We omit the brilliant *feuilletoniste's* critical analysis of Mad. Medori's talent as a vocalist.—Ed. M. W.)

During the first three acts Mad. Medori exhibited neither emotion nor fatigue. But from commencement of the fourth, when she remarked (for the first time perhaps) that her efforts were not crowned with entire success, and that the opera in which she had placed all her hopes encountered nothing but coldness and indifference, she felt the blood rise in her cheeks, and a fever seized her which was not speedily to quit her. She nevertheless struggled to the end; but her sufferings were evident. The public, desirous of showing her every sympathy, encouraged her by applause, and recalled her after the third and last acts of the opera.

Madame Medori has kept her bed since the evening of her *début*, attacked with a serious inflammation of the throat. As soon as she recovers she will take her revenge; and if she makes her next essay in a part more suited to her means, in a work that has a greater hold on the public, it is probable she will obtain the same success here as elsewhere.—P. A. FIORENTINO.

\* M. Fiorentino, and the French press generally, should be set right about London. Mad. Medori appeared in 1853, at the Royal Italian Opera and made, at the best, a very moderate impression.—Ed. M. W.

**YANKEE DOODLE.**—According to the *Cyclopædia of American Literature*, the above celebrated air was composed by a Dr. Stackberg, who served in the English army in 1755.

**LUTHER UPON MUSIC.**—Luther was once asked, at Wittenberg, by a man of rank, whether he thought music an art acceptable to God. He answered in the following noble words: "There is no doubt that the seeds of very many most excellent and virtuous qualities are to be found in the minds of those who are touched by music. But those who are not affected by it, I hold as no better than mere clods and stones. I do not choose to despise music, as all enthusiasts do. I am displeased at this, for music is no work of man, but a pure present and gift of God. It thus drives away the Devil and makes people joyous. Music causes us to forget arrogance, covetousness, lewdness, anger, and other vices. After theology I give music the next place, and render it the greatest honour."

## THE LIFE & CHARACTERISTICS OF BEETHOVEN.

BY DR. HEINRICH DÖRING.

(Translated from the German for Dwight's Journal.)

(Continued from p. 663.)

THE fame which Beethoven had already acquired did not betray him into vanity or an exaggerated self-esteem. The experience of many years had taught him that with the multitude the mere name is sufficient for them to find everything in a work beautiful and excellent, or mediocre and poor. It chanced one evening, at Count Browne's, in Baden, near Vienna, that Beethoven's pupil, Ferdinand Ries, who had been recommended to the Count as a pianist, and who usually performed his master's compositions to him in the evening, played a march that just then occurred to him. The circle at the Count's consisted of outright enthusiastic admirers of Beethoven. An old Countess, whose devout adherence had become annoying to the composer, went into raptures at that march. She supposed it something new by Beethoven, and Ries waggishly confessed it. Unfortunately, the next day Beethoven himself came to Baden. He had scarcely stepped into the Count's saloon, when the old lady began to speak of the exceedingly ingenious and splendid march. Ries was in no little of a quandary. He knew that Beethoven could not endure the old Countess. So he drew him rapidly aside, and whispered to him that he had merely amused himself with her silliness. Beethoven took it well; but the embarrassment of the pupil increased when he was obliged to repeat the march, which this time turned out much worse, since Beethoven stood beside him. The latter was overwhelmed with praises, to which he listened in confusion and with inward rage. "You see, dear Ries," said he to his young friend afterwards, "these are the great connoisseurs, who judge every sort of music so correctly and so sharply. Only give them the name of their favourite; that's all they need."

It was not always that Beethoven's excitable nature had such self-control. Soon afterwards he played with Ries a Sonata for four hands, composed by him. During the performance the young Count P. talked so loud with a young lady in the doorway of the ante-room, that Beethoven, after several fruitless efforts to obtain silence, suddenly, in the midst of their playing, pulled away his pupil's hands from the piano, sprang up quickly, and in a loud voice said: "I do not play for such swine!" All attempts to bring him back to the piano were in vain. He would not even permit Ries to go on with the Sonata. The consequence was that the music was resolved into a general chagrin. In the opposite mood Beethoven took a slight reproof of his own musical performance for just what it was, a harmless joke, conscious, as teacher, of having committed a like fault with his scholar. "One evening," Ries related, "I had to play at Count Browne's a Sonata of Beethoven. It was the Sonata in A minor. As Beethoven was present, and I had never practised that Sonata with him, I begged that I might play any other, but not that one. They turned to Beethoven, who finally said: 'Come, you surely will not play it so badly that I cannot listen to it. So I had to submit. Beethoven, as usual, turned the leaves. At a leap with the left hand, where one note should be made quite prominent, I came full on the neighbour note. Beethoven tapped me with one finger on the head, which the Princess Lichnowsky, who sat opposite me leaning upon the piano, remarked and smiled. After the playing was over Beethoven said: 'Right bravely done! You have no need first to learn the Sonata with me. The finger was merely to show you my attention.' Afterwards Beethoven had to play. He chose his D minor Sonata, which had then just appeared. The Princess may have expected that Beethoven might make some mistake. She placed herself behind his stool, and I turned the leaves. At the 53rd and 54th bars Beethoven missed the beginning, and instead of going down with two and two notes, he struck every quarter with the full hand, three or four notes at once, descending. It sounded as if the key-board were being dusted. The Princess Lichnowsky gave him some not very soft blows on the head, with the remark that: 'If the pupil gets a finger for one false note, then the master, who commits greater blunders, must be punished with full hands.' They all laughed, especially Beethoven. He began



anew, and played with wonderful beauty. The Adagio, especially, he rendered in an inimitable manner.

Ries ascribed the carefulness and patience which Beethoven showed in his instruction, to his love for his father, with whom Beethoven had stood in the friendliest relations formerly at Bonn. He had to repeat many things ten times over, and oftener. If it happened that he missed aught in a passage, or that he struck certain notes wrong, which Beethoven wanted to have made quite prominent, he seldom said a word. But he was stirred up if his pupil missed the expression in a crescendo, for instance, and thereby perverted the character of the whole piece. The first, he would say, was mere accident, but the other betrayed want of knowledge, of feeling, or attention.

His hardness of hearing, before mentioned, gave him a high degree of sensitiveness. This affliction, although suspended for some time, always returned again. Those about him had to be very careful not to make him insensible of this infirmity by talking loud to him. If he did not understand anything, he commonly put it off upon absent-mindedness, from which he was not free. How much his hearing had diminished, was shown in 1802, during a walk in the country. His companion, Ries, called his attention to a shepherd, who played quite prettily in the woods upon a flute carved out of elder wood. For half an hour Beethoven could hear nothing. But notwithstanding Ries assured him that he too heard nothing more, (which was not the case,) Beethoven sank into a melancholy mood. He grew monosyllabic, and stared straight before him with a gloomy look. On the way home he kept on muttering to himself, emitting inarticulate sounds, without singing any definite notes. There had occurred to him, he said, a theme for the last Allegro of one of his Sonatas. When he had entered his chamber with his companion, he ran with his hat on his head to the piano, and busied himself for almost an hour with the finale of his Sonata in F minor. When he rose from the piano, he was surprised to see his young friend still there, who had seated himself the meanwhile in a corner of the room. Beethoven said to him shortly: "I can give you no lesson to-day; I must still work."

The comfortless condition in which Beethoven found himself placed by his deafness, is described by one of his earliest friends, Stephen von Breuning, in a letter dated 13th Nov. 1806, to Dr. Wegeler, in Coblenz. "You cannot believe," he writes, "what an indescribable, I might say terrible impression, the decay of his hearing has produced on Beethoven. Imagine what the feeling of unhappiness must be, with his earnest character; to which add reserve, mistrust, frequently towards his best friends, in many things irresolution. For the most part, with but few exceptions, where his original feeling expresses itself quite freely, intercourse with him is an actual exertion, since one never can abandon himself. From May to the beginning of this month we have lived in the same house, and during the first days I took him into my room. He was scarcely with me, when he fell into a severe illness, almost dangerous, which passed at length into an obstinate intermittent fever. Care and nursing have debilitated me considerably. He is now well again. He lives upon the ramparts, I in a house newly built by Prince Esterhazy before the Alster-Caserne, and as I manage my own house-keeping, Beethoven eats every day with me."

Some years before, in July 1804, Beethoven had had a falling out with this friend of his youth, which threatened a complete rupture of their relations. The immediate occasion of this violent altercation between them was, that Stephen von Breuning had delayed or omitted the usual notice to quit from Beethoven's former lodgings in the theatre building upon the Wieden. Breuning, a hot-head like Beethoven, was the more provoked at his conduct, since it had not been all among themselves. Beethoven wrote to his pupil, Ries, in the beginning of July: "Since Breuning has not scrupled to represent my character to you, by his behaviour, in such a light that I appear a wretched, pitiable, small man, I must select you to bear my answer to him orally, but only to the first point of this letter, which I answer simply to vindicate my character with you. Tell him, then, that I never thought of reproaching him for the delay of the notice, and that, had it really been Breuning's fault, every harmonious relation in the world was far too dear to me,

to suffer me for a few hundreds, or even more, to inflict mortifications upon one of my friends. You know yourself, that I have charged you jokingly with the fault of the quit-notice having arrived too late through you. I am sure you will remember this; on my part the whole matter was forgotten. And then my brother began at the table, and said that he believed that it was Breuning's fault. I denied it on the spot and said: 'It was *your* fault.' That, I think, was clear enough, that I did not impute the fault to Breuning. But he sprang up like a mad man and said he would call up the master of the house. This to me unusual conduct before all the men with whom I associate, quite discomposed me. I too sprang up, upset my chair, went off, and did not return. This behaviour moved Breuning to place me in a such a beautiful light with you and the keeper of the house, and to send me a letter, which I answered only by silence. To Breuning I have no more to say. His mode of thinking and of action in regard to mine, shows that a friendly relation never should have been formed between us, and certainly cannot continue."

A similar mood prevails in a later letter of Beethoven's to Ries, written July 24th, 1804, at Baden, near Vienna. This letter contributes essentially to an understanding of his friend's and of his own character. Here Beethoven frankly confesses his own weakness, but does not acquit his friend entirely of all faults. In relation to the affair just mentioned he wrote to Ries: "Believe me, my flying into a passion was only an outbreak of many past unpleasant occurrences. I have the faculty of concealing and repressing my sensibility in a great many matters; but if I happen to get excited at a time when I am more susceptible to anger, I explode more vehemently than anybody else. Breuning has certainly very excellent peculiarities; but he thinks himself free from all faults, and for the most part has those in the strongest degree which he believes he finds in other men. He has a spirit of littleness, which I have despised from childhood. My judgment almost prophesied the turn things have taken with Breuning, since our ways of thinking, acting, and feeling, were too different. But I had believed that even these difficulties might be overcome. Experience has convinced me of the contrary. And now no friendship more! I have had but two friends in the world, with whom I never had a misunderstanding; but what men! One is dead, the other lives yet. Although for six long years we neither of us have known anything of the other, yet I know that I hold in his heart the first place, as he does in mine. The ground of friendship is the greatest similarity in the souls and hearts of men. I wish nothing but that you read my letter, and his to me. No, no longer will he maintain the place he did have in my heart. He who can attribute to his friend such a low way of thinking, and who can allow himself so low a way of acting towards him, is not worthy of my friendship."

Scarcely a few months had passed after this letter, when Beethoven accidentally met Breuning. A full reconciliation took place instantly. Every hostile intention, however strongly he had expressed himself about it in the above letter, was entirely forgotten. Beethoven dedicated to him one of his Sonatas, and dined with him daily in his before-mentioned lodgings in front of the Alster-Caserne.

Beethoven's irritability was frequently increased by an easily-excited suspiciousness, which had its foundation in his hardness of hearing. His most tried friends might be calumniated before him through any unknown person, for he was extremely credulous. To the suspected party he made no accusation. He asked no explanation of him, but he showed the deepest contempt for him upon the spot. Frequently one knew not how he stood with him, until the affair, for the most part accidental, cleared itself up. But then he sought to make good the wrong he had done as quickly as possible.

To his friends, so long as he had no suspicions against them, he was unalterably true. They could reckon in all trials upon his sympathy and aid. This amiable side of his character showed itself towards his friend and pupil, Ries, through a magnanimous intercession.

Soon after the march of the French army into Vienna, in the year 1805, Ries, who was born on the left bank of the Rhine,

was summoned back by the French laws as a conscript. Whereupon Beethoven wrote a petition to the Princess von Lichtenstein, which, however, to his great indignation, was not delivered. This petition read: "Pardon me, most gracious Princess, should you be disagreeably surprised, perchance, through the bearer of this. Poor Ries, my pupil, must in this unhappy war take the musket on his shoulder, and must as a foreigner in a few days go far from here. He has nothing, actually nothing, and must make a long journey. Under these circumstances the opportunity of giving a concert is entirely cut off for him. He must take refuge in the beneficence of others. I commend him to you. I know you will pardon me this step. Only in the extremest need can a noble man resort to such means. In this confidence I send the poor fellow to you, hoping that you may in some way ease his circumstances."

Even from this friend, for whom Beethoven interfered so actively, he was some years after separated by a misunderstanding fortunately soon healed. It was in the year 1809, that Beethoven received from Napoleon's brother Jerome, then King of Westphalia, a call as kapellmeister at Cassel. His situation had become so unfavourable through the pressure of the war, that a place, which would yield a definite income, must have been desirable to him. In the contract there was offered him a salary of 600 ducats, beside free equipage. Nothing but his signature was wanting. By this call the archduke Rudolph and the Princess Lobkowitz and Kinsky were led to secure to the renowned composer a life annuity, on the sole condition that he remained in the imperial states.

Unexpectedly Ries received a visit from the kapellmeister Reichardt, who told him that Beethoven had definitely declined the place of kapellmeister in Cassel; the question was, therefore, whether he, as Beethoven's pupil, would not perhaps go to Cassel for a smaller salary. Ries went straight to Beethoven to get more exact information about the matter, and to ask his advice. For three weeks long he was repulsed; even his letters were not answered. At length he met Beethoven upon a redoubt. He went up to him and made him acquainted with his business. "Do you think," said Beethoven, in a cutting tone, "that you can fill a place which has been offered to me?" He remained cold and repulsive. The next morning Ries went to Beethoven's dwelling, hoping to come to an understanding with him. His servant said he was not at home. But Ries heard him singing and playing in an adjoining room. He resolved, as the servant would not announce him, to go right in, but was pushed back before the door. Exceedingly provoked, Ries knocked the servant down. There Beethoven found him, as, disturbed by the noise, he rushed out of the room. Overwhelmed with reproaches by Ries, he could not find words for amazement. He stood motionless and staring. When the matter was explained, Beethoven said quietly: "I did not know that; I had been told that you sought to get the place behind my back." Ries assured him that he had not yet given any answer. And now Beethoven sought to repair the wrong. He took every pains to procure the place in question for his pupil, but without success, because it was too late.

It would have been advantageous for Ries, if the plan proposed by Beethoven of a common journey had been executed. Ries on that journey was to perform Beethoven's pianoforte concertos, as well as other compositions. Beethoven himself would direct and only improvise. In that way his performance was the most extraordinary that could be heard, particularly when he was in a good humour, or found himself in an excited mood. Few artists have reached the height at which he stood in this branch of the art. The wealth of his ideas, his variety of treatment, his mastery of difficulties which presented themselves or which he introduced, were inexhaustible. It was remarkable how his inspiration made him utterly insensible to outward impressions. "One day," related Ries in his later years, "after the lesson was finished, we were talking about themes for fugues; I was at the piano, and Beethoven sat near me; while I played the first fugue theme out of Graun's *Tod Jesu*, Beethoven began with the left hand to play it over after me, then he brought in the right also, and now he worked it up, without the sight interruption, for about half an hour. It was incompre-

hensible to me, how he was able to hold out so long in that extremely inconvenient position." With an expression all his own he played the Rondo of his first Concerto in C major, in which he brought in several doubled notes, to make it more brilliant. In general he played his own compositions with a good deal of moodiness, but yet adhered for the most part to strict time, and took only occasionally, but seldom, a more rapid tempo. Sometimes in his *crescendo* he held back with a *ritardando*, and thus produced a very beautiful and striking effect. In playing he gave now with the right, and now with the left hand, some beautiful and quite inimitable expression. But very rarely did he add notes or ornaments.

(To be continued.)

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—It may not be generally known to your readers, that the Earl of Carlisle was present at two representations of *La Traviata*, at Venice, in 1854, as appears from his lordship's published "Diary."

"May 11th, 1854.—Teatro Gallo.—The company gave Verdi's *Traviata* very well, and at all events were enthusiastically applauded."

"May 13th.—After dinner went to the Piazza, and then to the *Traviata* with Lord Henry Scott."—Pages 345, 347, 3rd edition.

His Excellency's letter, therefore, to the Rev. John Mac Hugh (given in your last number), must have been written with entire knowledge of the *libretto*.

Your obedient servant,

C.

Oct. 23.

[Unless we mistake, Lord Carlisle signified so much in his letter, when he said he saw no more harm in *La Traviata* than in other operatic productions.—Ed.]

MUSIC THE NATIVE LANGUAGE OF MENDELSSOHN.—The life and labours of Mendelssohn thus were ended. In glancing at the labours in relation to the life, we are first struck with the vastness of their quantity. A hundred works, many of them of the fullest proportions, testify to an industry almost unparalleled. But, indeed, composition was not the task—it was the instinctive occupation of Mendelssohn's mind. At all times and in all places he was engaged in the conception or development of musical ideas. This process was incessantly carried on during his numerous journeys, and at every resting-place his first requirement was a table, that the results might be securely noted. Music was at once the medium and material of his thoughts, and those thoughts flowed with a freedom only less marvellous than their symmetry and intrinsic worth. It is said that his music to the *Antigone* was the work of only eleven days—a feat that equals Handel's alleged composition of the *Messiah* in three weeks. He was present in the Birmingham Town Hall on an occasion when Handel's "Coronation Anthem" was, with other works, to be performed. The concert was already begun, when it was discovered that a recitative, the words of which appeared in the text-books given to the public, was omitted from the part-copies. Noticing the perplexity of the managers, Mendelssohn quietly said, "Wait a little, I will help you;" and sitting down, composed within half-an-hour a recitative with complete orchestral accompaniments, which were re-copied, distributed, and while yet wet from the pen, were played at sight. How spontaneously not only his thoughts and feelings, but even impressions derived from scenery, took with him a melodic form, is shown in the origin of his finest overture. On his return from Scotland, in 1829, his sisters entreated him to tell them something of the Hebrides. "That cannot be told," said he, "it can only be played;" and seating himself at the piano, he improvised the beautiful theme which he afterwards expanded into the "Overture to Fingal's Cave." The "Songs without Words," which are now amongst the most popular parlour music in the world, had a similar origin in the habitual necessity for musical expression in place of verbal. The apparent anomaly involved in their title ceases when it is remembered that these charming wordless lyrics were really the native language of the composer, and that he is in them as truly descriptive, thoughtful, impassioned, or even satirical, as if he had held the pen of Barry Cornwall or Heinrich Heine. That they convey varied impressions to different minds, by no means implies that the ideas embodied in them by the composer were not clear and specific. What they mean we should be sorry here to guess, with the knowledge that most musical readers have somewhere near them some more pleasant interpreter holding the known credentials of sensibility and fancy!—*British Quarterly Review*.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**PHILOMUSICUS.**—The communication was sent too late for insertion this week.

**YORK FESTIVAL.**—Our Correspondent is behind time. His notice must remain over until next week. We may as well state, that, to insure insertion, all letters should be sent by Thursday.

**MR. SAMUEL SMITH'S** letter was inserted by mistake. The second letter, a paraphrase of the first, cannot be admitted, unless as an advertisement; but Mr. Smith may write a letter to the Editor, and make his corrections. We think more than enough has been said on the subject, which had better be dropt altogether.

**G. B. A., Belfast.**—Correspondent's communication arrived too late. It is under consideration, and, if approved of, shall be inserted in our impression of next week.

## THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25TH, 1856.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—The traveller in North Germany—musician though he be, and ante-Zukunft—will do well to pass some time both at Hanover and Brunswick, on his way to the capital of Prussia. At Hanover he will find a spacious and beautiful theatre, devoted on alternate nights to drama and opera. Marschner, the composer, is music-director, and his latest opera, *Hans Heiling*, has maintained, if not raised, his fame as a dramatic composer. The performance of this work, which I heard recently, was remarkable in many respects, more so on the whole, however, for the ensemble than for any special excellence in the principal singers, who all sang in the ultra-German manner, and practiced exaggerations both of voice and gesture. The story of *Hans Heiling* is a little in the *Der Freischütz-Vampyr* style; and the music (although exhibiting the highest measure of cleverness) is little more than an ingenious compound of Spohr and Weber—or rather of Weber and Spohr, since Herr Marschner (who has no originality) finds it easier to counterfeit the wild peculiarities of the first than the gorgeous harmony and elaborately-finished orchestration of the last. The best parts of the opera are those in which the situations require the music to be comic. The *diablerie*, where the supernatural personages are directly concerned, is labored and feeble; but where their influence is merely suggested, a certain vein of the Hoffmannesque becomes apparent, which is uncommonly genial and attractive. *Hans Heiling* appears to be popular; and for this there is reason of gratulation. It is, indeed, refreshing to emerge from the gloomy labyrinth of the Schumanites to something clear and intelligible; and, although Herr Marschner is neither a genius nor a great master of instrumentation, his music is sensible, fluent, nearly always effective, and not seldom interesting. The band at Hanover is capital, and performs duty on the dramatic as well as on the operatic nights. Between the acts of *Klytämnestra*—a new tragedy parodied from the *Agamemnon* of Euripides, and recently imported from Berlin—I was much pleased with the admirable execution of several fine overtures, among others, Mozart's to *La Clemenza di Tito* and Spohr's rarely heard *Macbeth*. The theatre may be described as imbedded in gardens. It is built in the handsomest part of the city; and the exterior is more than worthy of the interior, presenting the appearance of a really magnificent public edifice. The charge of admission to what are esteemed the very best places is only one *thaler* eight *groschen*—less than four shillings; but I should recommend English visitors to repair to what is entitled the "*parquet perron*," where, for twenty

*groschen* (about two shillings) they can be as genteely and comfortably accommodated as in the stalls at either of our London Italian operas. And then, too, how refreshing, how sensible, a performance which begins at seven and is over before ten! You get for your money only one piece, it is true—opera, play, or ballet—but upon that one piece the greatest care is bestowed, and neither the performers nor the audience are tired at the end. The *Königliches Hof-Theater* was commenced by the late king,\* and finished by the reigning monarch† of Hanover.‡ It is large enough to hold nearly 2,000 people, and both as an edifice and as an institution it is worthy of a much larger empire than the petty region which, once a dependence of the English crown, is now governed (almost despotically) by the afflicted cousin of our gracious Queen.

The theatre, however, is not all that Hanover presents of interesting to the amateur or professor of music. Joseph Joachim resides here, for six months out of the year, in his capacity of *concert-meister* to His Majesty the King, to whom the loss of one sense has seemingly been compensated in a great measure by the increased quickness of another. The king is very fond of music, and of instrumental music especially; but at present he prefers Mendelssohn's symphonies to the "posthumous quartets" of another great master, whose name is ever on the lips of the *Zukunft*—most unaccountably, since all they do is in direct mockery of the precepts that Beethoven so magnanimously enforced and nobly illustrated. The king is also very fond of Joachim, and not long since gave a genuine proof of his attachment to the young and highly-gifted violinist. Joachim, who has a touch of the sentimental Jaques about him, tendered his resignation, which the king would on no account accept, but generously proposed as a substitute that his *concert-meister* should have six months out of the twelve at his own disposal, without any diminution of appointments. Such conduct demonstrates a genuine appreciation of the worth of an artist, and is alike honorable to King and Fiddler.

Joachim is playing more grandly than ever—of which I had recently an opportunity of judging, at his own apartments, where, in association with three members of the theatre-orchestra—Herren Eyertt (brothers) second violin and viola, and Lindner, violoncello—he performed the 11th quartet (in F minor), the C sharp minor (posthumous), and the extraordinary fugue, Op. 135, originally composed as *finale* to the B flat posthumous, but afterwards published alone.§ I believe that to read these works more deeply, or to execute them with more brilliant effect, would be impossible. The fugue, for the first time (to me at least) revealed an intelligible design and a logical form of development. Certainly the most daring, extravagant and original specimens of fugue the art can boast are the two which Beethoven composed in the key of B flat—the one immediately under notice, and the *finale* to his pianoforte sonata Op. 106. While paying the first tribute to Joseph Joachim, I must not omit to acknowledge the eminent talent displayed by Herren Eyertt and Lindner, who showed themselves worthy companions of their distinguished *concert-meister*.

Joachim has been composing a good deal—but still not enough. He has written, among other things less important, four orchestral overtures, only one of which (that to *Hamlet*)

\* In 1845.

† In 1852.

‡ The "Intendant," or director, is the Count de Platen.

§ A *rondo*, the last and by no means the least sprightly inspiration of the composer's genius, being substituted in the quartet.



he has had the courage to produce at the concerts he directs. This is mistaken modesty. If Joachim does not take advantage of the position he has mainly won by the exercise of his own ability how is the musical world to know what he is doing? Besides it is of very little use composing for the orchestra unless he can gain experience by judging of the effects at which he aims, *otherwise than upon paper*. He has the opportunity, and should use it. There is in Joachim the element of *originality*—a great matter; and though it might be wished for his sake by those who sincerely desire his welfare, that Schumann had died before Mendelssohn—or, to be more charitable, that Mendelssohn had outlived Schumann—though it might be wished that he had seen less of Schumann and more of Mendelssohn, and to conclude, that he had never been in the neighbourhood of the New Weimar pestilence, or come in the way of Dr. Liszt, there is still plenty of time before him. Of one thing Joachim may rest assured; it is better for a musician, who would also be a composer, to work than to speculate, to write even fugues and canons than to talk about their inutility. It is not the *fugue* which is to be admired, but the facility that waits upon it.

S. N.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—Permit me to note a few of the errors allowed to pass in my letter of the 14th inst., through which I am made to write both bad grammar and nonsense.

Instead of "the mechanical work which leads to a knowledge of the sacred springs of art"—read "*secret springs*." The idea of reaching anything sacred through mechanical means is startling, but absurd.

For "*pernicious doctrine* are diffusing poison"—read "*pernicious doctrines*."

For "The new school looks with contempt upon every living composer out of the pale of *their* authority," read "The new school look," or "the pale of *its* authority"—which ever you please.

Instead of "The posthumous works of Mendelssohn are all condensed," read "all condemned." I was speaking of the low estimation in which Mendelssohn is held by certain luminaries of North Germany, in whose judgment the posthumous works that bear his name stand, not "condensed," which means nothing, but "condemned," the meaning of which should be evident to a printer's devil.

For "*add so on*" (which suggests an inhabitant of Monmouth-street with a cold in the head) read "*and so on*."

I will trouble you with no more, although there are other inaccuracies of less importance.

AN ENGLISH MUSICIAN.

Weimar, Oct. 21.

LISZT has been ordered to Zurich by his master, Richard Wagner. The *Niebelungen* is rapidly progressing, and the unhappy piano-king (who has recently been perpetrating some orchestral symphonies and a festival mass, in humble emulation of the *Zukunft*) is obliged to be present at the parturition. Where are the other wise men?

VERDI has lost his action against M. Calzado, manager of the Théâtre-Italien in Paris, and besides the expenses, is condemned to pay M. Calzado 1,000 francs (£40) indemnity. M. Calzado can now play all Verdi's Italian operas without consulting the composer, and in whatever manner suits him best.

M. AUGUSTE VILLEMOT has been appointed to succeed M. Jules Lecomte as the Parisian *feuilletoniste* of the *Indépendance Belge*. M. Villemot's post in *Figaro*, for which journal he used to prepare the weekly *Courier de Paris*, has been assigned to M. About.

## HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

ONE of the most crowded audiences ever assembled in Her Majesty's Theatre met together on Thursday evening to greet the reigning favourite of the day, Mdle. Piccolomini, who, on her way from the provinces to Paris, stopt in London to give two flying performances. The first, *Don Pasquale*, came off the evening before last. We will not say that the house rivalled in brilliancy one of the great houses of the season—since nearly all the fashionables are out of town; nor shall we aver that the company was as discriminating as usual—seeing that few of the regular *habitués* were present, and the low prices let in "*gents*" in shoals to all parts of the theatre. Nevertheless, even with so doubtful and loose an auditory, Mdle. Piccolomini achieved a triumphant success; and Donizetti's charming opera, if not profoundly relished, passed off with *éclat*.

Mdle. Piccolomini has made a great advance in Norina, which is now a most finished and admirable piece of acting. In singing, too, she evidences much improvement. With the exception of the first air, the extremely florid passages of which are not yet within her reach, all the music was rendered artistically and effectively, and on some occasions the fair artist reached a high degree of excellence. Nothing, for instance, could be better than her singing in the duet, "*Pronto io son*," which, even in the concert-room, apart from her inimitable acting, always rouses the hearers to enthusiasm. So of the trio in the second act, and the altercation scene with Don Pasquale. The last scene of the first act of *La Figlia del Reggimento* was added to allow Mdle. Piccolomini to exhibit her powers in the sentimental line. The exquisite air, "*Convien partir*," has never failed to create a furor in the provinces, and indeed cannot be surpassed for pathos, simplicity, and expression.

Mdle. Piccolomini was assisted by Signor Belletti, as Doctor Malatesta, Signor Rossi as Don Pasquale, and Mr. Chas. Braham as Ernesto. A large fragment of the old orchestra was presided over by Sig. Bonetti, and the opera in general was well played. Mr. Charles Braham appeared to much advantage in Ernesto. The duet "*Tornami a dir*" was most charmingly sung by him and Mdle. Piccolomini.

To-night *La Traviata* will be given; and next Wednesday week Her Majesty's Theatre will open with M. Jullien's Concerts.

ROSSINI has returned to Paris, where he intends to spend another winter.

M. GOUIN.—M. Gouin, late *chef de division* in the general administration of the post-office, died recently in Paris, at the age of 70. "He leaves"—says the Paris correspondent of the *Indépendance Belge*—"regrets both in the world of letters and of arts. He was well known for his admiration of the illustrious composer, Meyerbeer, not less than for the friendship with which he was honoured by the author of the *Huguenots* and the *Prophète*, whose interests he represented at the theatres with zeal, intelligence, and *esprit*."

ROBERT LE DIABLE.—This romantic opera has just been produced with the utmost success at the Teatro-Argentina in Rome. *Robert le Diable* has now made the tour of all the European capitals, as well as of the chief cities of the New World. Rome alone was wanting to complete the triumph of Meyerbeer's first French opera.

THEATRICAL OBITUARY.—Mrs. Charles H. Moorhouse (late Fanny Wallack, and daughter of Henry J. Wallack) died at Edinburgh on the 12th inst., after a short illness. She was interred in the Newington Cemetery, Edinburgh, on the 14th, her funeral being attended by most of the members of the two theatres and a circle of private friends.

BERLIN.—The Royal Academy of Fine Arts celebrated the birthday of their patron, the King, on the 15th inst., in the large room of the Sing-Academie. The Festival-Cantata for the occasion was composed by Herr A. W. Bach, *Musik-director*, and member of the Senate of the Academy.—There is nothing new at the Royal Opera House, where Mdle. Johanna Wagner is still the great attraction. She has been playing Romeo, in *I Montecchi e Capuletti*.

## FATAL ACCIDENT AT THE NEW SURREY MUSIC-HALL.

THE frightful calamity which occurred at the Surrey Gardens last Sunday, by which eight lives were lost and upwards of sixty persons received injuries, has already found relation in numberless ways, and is known to everybody. It remains for us merely to chronicle the facts.

Mr. Spurgeon, a young preacher who has lately grown into high repute by his bold views and striking eloquence, had engaged the new Surrey Hall to preach in last Sunday, Exeter Hall having been found too small for his congregation. Upwards of 15,000 people, it is said, assembled to hear the reverend gentleman. Of course all could not obtain accommodation in the new hall. Hundreds were standing, hundreds were sitting outside on the steps, hundreds looking through the windows, hundreds departing from the gardens discontented, and thousands walking about the grounds. A little after six the proceedings commenced. The immense congregation sang a hymn; Mr. Spurgeon expounded a chapter of St. Luke; the congregation sang a second hymn; Mr. Spurgeon offered up a prayer, in which he denounced all backsliders from the house of God, all forsakers of the paths of virtue, and was about to follow his denouncement with exhortation, when, suddenly, a cry was raised—some say of "fire," some of "roof"—and a scene of confusion and terror ensued impossible to describe. Unfortunately, to prevent people from being tempted to wander about the gardens, Mr. Spurgeon had given orders in the morning that all the doors looking on to the lake should be locked. When the rush took place the people, therefore, had only half the means of escape they otherwise would have had. The usual effects of a panic were exhibited. Without giving themselves time to ascertain whether there was any real danger, several threw themselves from the windows of the gallery, and fell on the ground, some twenty feet beneath; some jumped over the balustrade, and were trampled on where they fell. The screams and shrieks of women and children were dreadful, and the cries of the men more horrible still. The pressure on the balustrade of the staircase leading to the gallery was so great that the iron railings gave way, and many were precipitated to the ground below. Here several deaths, and most of the serious injuries occurred. It is not necessary to pursue this awful scene farther. Eight were killed—six women, a man, and a boy. The number of those who sustained injuries has not been ascertained, some say they amounted to a hundred: all agree that more than sixty have been more or less hurt. A terrible warning has been read to those who would bring large masses of the public together, for any purpose whatsoever, and not know what to do with them should an accident take place. Had the regular accesses of the Surrey Hall been thrown open, and had the people exhibited the commonest forbearance, we have been credibly informed, that, from actual experiment made, 6,000 people might have marched out of the hall in four minutes. Therefore no blame can attach to the builders of the hall, who seem to have left undone nothing which could facilitate egress. Upon the people themselves, who were terror-stricken, and Mr. Spurgeon, who, with the best intentions, gave very foolish orders, rests the entire blame. There is little doubt that the cry was raised by some interested persons, who, it is devoutly hoped, will be brought to condign punishment for their murderous offence. The directors of the Surrey Music-Hall have offered £50 for their apprehension and conviction.

**PROPOSED MUSIC HALL IN ABERDEEN.**—A meeting of the gentlemen favourable to the erection of a new Music Hall in Aberdeen, or the adaptation of the Public Rooms to that purpose, was held on Tuesday in the council chamber; the Lord Provost in the chair. At present there is no hall in Aberdeen of a size sufficient to warrant the risk of bringing hither musical performers of the highest class. Mr. Todd submitted to the meeting a statement, showing that a new hall of the size and kind required could be erected for about £5,000. Mr. Arthur Thomson moved that a committee be appointed to consider the several plans which had been detailed, or any others that might be suggested.

**BEAUMONT INSTITUTION.**—A concert for the benefit of the Tower Hamlets Philanthropic Society, took place on Tuesday evening. The vocalists were Mad. Weiss, Miss Palmer, Miss E. L. Williams and Mad. Zimmermann, Messrs. George Tedder, Allan Irving and Hamilton Braham.—Violinist, Edouardo Remenyi, and conductor, Mr. Charles Anschuetz. The encores were numerous, and were accorded to Mr. Irving, Mr. Hamilton Braham, Mr. Tedder, Miss Palmer, and Miss E. L. Williams (the Welch nightingale), who sings humorous love songs in native Welch as well as English, with rustic ease and naïveté. M. Remenyi was encored in *The Carnival of Venice*. The vocal novelty of the evening was a new and most charming ballad of Macfarren's "The lime trees near the river," sung by Mrs. Weiss. The song can hardly fail to become popular. The room, although not crowded, was well attended.

**BRIGHTON.**—The committee of the Brighton Athenæum have reason to congratulate themselves on the great success of Mr. Charles Salaman's entertainment, on Wednesday evening last, in aid of the funds of the institution. The attendance was large and fashionable, there not being, so far as we could observe, an unoccupied seat. The lecture by Mr. Salaman on music in connection with the dance, which contained a great amount of curious out-of-the-way information, was illustrated by the lecturer on the piano; by Mr. H. C. Cooper on the violin; and by Miss Milner by sundry songs. Miss Milner sang "O linger on the ear," "Ah! the sighs that come from my heart," and the Willow Song in *Othello*, all with great effect. In her illustration of the Andalusian dance, "Ouvrez, ouvrez," she was still happier. It was, however, in the last song set down for her, "Ah! assorta," more popularly known as "The Gassier waltz," that she achieved her greatest success; the song met with a rapturous encore. Mr. Salaman's own execution on the piano was brilliant, and the violin performance of Mr. Cooper was splendid. The solo pieces in which he appeared were few; but he was encored in all. The entertainment passed off most agreeably, fully realizing the expectations of all parties, including the committee of the Brighton Athenæum. A few more such successes would render the institution thoroughly independent. In justice to a gentleman—a thorough musician—who has now, we are pleased to find, taken up his permanent residence among us, we have great pleasure in adding that Mr. Charles Salaman was a pupil of Mr. Neate, of St. Margaret's-place, and does him both honour and credit.—*Brighton Guardian*, Oct. 22.

**YORK.**—On Wednesday evening, Oct. 15th, a selection of sacred music (principally from the *Creation*) was performed in the church of All Saints. The principal vocalists were Mrs. Sunderland, Miss Newbound, Mr. Wilson, and Mr. Lambert, assisted by a chorus of upwards of thirty voices. Mrs. Sunderland had a slight cold; but, nevertheless, she sang well in "The marvellous work," and "With verdure clad," as did also Miss Newbound in "O rest in the Lord" (*Elijah*). Messrs. Wilson and Lambert gave great satisfaction, the former in "In native worth," and the latter in "Rolling in foaming billows." Mr. Shaw and Mr. Dennis presided at the organ, and Mr. Hopkinson was the conductor. The proceeds of this performance are to be applied towards liquidating the remaining debt on the organ.

**BOROUGHBRIDGE.**—A concert was given in the National School Room on Monday the 13th. The vocalists were Miss Barwick, Miss Newbound, Mr. Delavanti, Mr. Wilson, and Mr. Lambert. The pieces most successful in the first part were, the air, "In native worth," sung by Mr. Wilson; Mozart's "In diesen heiligen" (*Zauberflöte*), in English, by Mr. Lambert; and the quartet, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord," sung by Miss Barwick, Miss Newbound, Mr. Wilson, and Mr. Lambert. The last was encored. In the second part Miss Newbound was encored in "Forget-me-not" and "When sorrow sleepeth." Mr. Lambert sang "I am a roamer" and "Non più andrai" (encored), and Mr. Delavanti had to repeat two comic songs. Mr. Dennis, of York, presided at the pianoforte. Altogether the concert was one of the best ever given in Boroughbridge.

**BERLIN.**—Mozart's *Titus* is to be performed at the Royal opera house, in celebration of his Majesty's birth-day. Gluck's *Alecis* is the opera selected for the 19th November, the nominal birth-day of the queen.

**LEEDS.**—A concert was given in the Music Hall, on Monday evening last, by Mr. Spark, on which occasion the following artists were engaged:—M<sup>me</sup>. Enderasohn, Miss Fanny Huddart, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Balfe, vocalists; Miss Arabella Goddard and Mr. George Case, instrumentalists. There was a fashionable attendance, and the concert went off with that brilliant *éclat* for which the provincial performances by this party have been distinguished. Several *encores* were awarded during the evening, and the audience seemed fairly puzzled to decide on the finest performer, so eager were all the *artistes* to do their best,—which resulted in a rich musical treat. Miss Arabella Goddard, in particular, created an unprecedented sensation. The second of the People's Concerts of the present season, given by the Recreation Society in the Music Hall, on Saturday evening week, attracted a very crowded audience. The performers were Miss Ransford, Miss Lascelles, and Mr. Winn, vocalists; Mr. H. Blagrove, and Herr Hausmann, instrumentalists; accompanists, Mr. Spark and Mr. Winn. The concert commenced with Horsley's glee, "When shall we three meet again," which was neatly sung. Miss Ransford, who made her first appearance in Leeds, sang "Bid me discourse," and "Oh! could my spirit fly to thee." The latter obtained an *enore*. Miss Lascelles' full, round tone was displayed to great advantage in the *Brindisi* from *Lucrezia Borgia*, "Il segreto," which was *encored* loudly. The lady also received a similar compliment in a new ballad, "Adele." Mr. Winn has much improved since he was heard last in Leeds. He gave the "Village Blacksmith," and an effective song of his own, "Nothing more," in which he was *encored*. Mr. Henry Blagrove and Herr Hausmann are too well known to require special commendation. The tone, execution, and masterly treatment displayed by both gentlemen in their respective instruments, were worthy of high praise. Mr. Blagrove, in a *Fantasia* by Vieuxtemps, and De Beriot's *Il Tremolo*, and Mr. Hausmann in two solos of his own, one on airs from *Il Trovatore*, and the other on Scottish airs, left little to criticise. Mr. Blagrove's first solo, and Mr. Hausmann's last, were redemanded. Beethoven's trio in C minor for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, would have been a great treat to the lovers of classical music; but that it was curtailed to little more than one-half its length—an act severely to be reprehended. Mr. Spark supported his stringed coadjutors on the piano.

**PICCOLOMINI IN DUBLIN.**—The impersonation of Violetta by Madlle. Piccolomini we have so recently adverted to that it will only be necessary to add that further observance of her study of the part, only tends to confirm the view at once formed of its power, earnestness, attention to the minutest accessional details and touching pathos; and questionable as may be the display of the general and accurate progress of a mortal malady over the frame until death asserts its empire, yet the mingled truth and refinement of manner, the quiet sensibility and subdued deep feeling of the artist won a sympathy, and left an impression it would be very difficult indeed to efface. When the curtain fell she was called for four times and the applause was more than usually fervent and enthusiastic. Among the many floral tributes was a simple wreath from the "gods" consisting of flowering myrtle and ivy, intertwined with Erin's green shamrock, with these accompanying words—

"To Signora Piccolomini, whose brilliant musical talents, high dramatic culture and graceful bearing, is only surpassed by her exquisite beauty, ancestral fame, and that nobility of heart with which she has enriched and adorned a great profession.—We give the fair Piccolomini. 'Cead mille failthe.' "Signed on behalf of the Deities."

It was said that the reception given to the *prima donna* here has been felt by herself as the most gratifying since her ovations in Italy, from its genuine and unaffected nature.—(*Saunders's News-Letter*, Oct. 20.)

**DRAMATIC.**—**ROYAL NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE.**—(*From our East-end Correspondent.*)—A new and perfectly original play was produced at this theatre on Thursday evening week, from the pen of Mr. James Anderson, the "eminent tragedian." It is written in blank verse, and belongs to the same class of dramas as *The Lady of Lyons*, *Money*, etc., etc., and is indeed of

an elevating and highly moral tendency, entitled *Cloud and Sunshine*; or, *The Lover's Revenge*. The theme or sentiment of returning good for evil, of forgiveness to our enemies, is naturally marked out, and the interest increases with each act. Mr. Anderson was doubly the hero of the evening, and played in his usual dashing style the parts (twin brothers) of Edgar and Henri Dunois, whilst the Duchess of Nairn, the heroine, was confided to the safe keeping of Miss Elsworthy, who reminded us very much of Mrs. Charles Kean (then Miss Ellen Tree), in her impersonation of the Countess in Sheridan Knowles' play of *Love*. Miss Elsworthy's career, since she appeared at the St. James's and Sadler's Wells, in Mr. Markwell's play of *The Northern Star*, has been an uninterrupted series of successes.

**PARIS.**—Mad. Médori has been obliged, for a time, to interrupt the course of her performances at the Grand-Opéra. After appearing in the *Vêpres Siciliennes* she was laid up with a severe attack of bronchitis. *Le Prophète* has been given with Mad. Borghi-Mamo and M. Roger in the principal parts. Meyerbeer has been made an honorary member of the academy of music at Florence. Rossini is still here, in full possession of excellent health and spirits. There is a story now current about him and Vivier, to the following effect. On his return from Baden, the *maître* made a short stay in Strasburg and passed the evening at the house of one of the principal inhabitants. Vivier, the eccentric, also, was present, and, on being pressed to play something on the horn, began playing the violin, and executed a sonata by Beethoven, Rossini accompanying him on the piano. Vivier then proceeded to extemporize, still accompanied by Rossini, and continued to do so up to a very late hour. Vivier is said to have been highly gratified with his accompanist, and to have declared that he should never wish to have a better. The receipts for the various theatres, balls, cafés, concerts, and other places of public amusement, amounted, in the month of September, to 1,123,700 francs, 25 centimes; in the month of August they amounted only to 618,778 francs, 60 centimes, so that there is a difference of 504,922 francs, 60 centimes in favour of September. The dispute between Sig. Calzadò, the manager of the Théâtre-Italien, and Sig. Verdi, has been decided in favour of the former. Sig. Verdi was condemned to pay 1,000 francs costs, besides losing his action.

**AMERICA.**—The success of Meyerbeer's *Robert le Diable* at Niblo's Theatre, New York, by the German troupe, has been repeated in the *Etoile du Nord* of the same composer—entitled *The North Star*—produced at the Academy of Music by the Italian Company. The local journals state that a larger audience was drawn together than by any musical event since the engagement of Grisi and Mario. Madame La Grange as Catarina, and Signor Colletti as Peter, are said particularly to have distinguished themselves. At Niblo's, *Robert le Diable* was followed by Auber's *Masaniello*, which was triumphantly successful. Some of the gossip of the musical papers is worth quoting. The *New York Musical Review* appears intimately acquainted with the minutest details and secrets of Parisian claquism. "Madame Ristori, the celebrated Italian tragedienne," writes our imaginative contemporary across the water, "relates, quite openly, that she received in Paris a bill of 600 francs (\$120) from the chief of the *claque*. She refused to pay; but considering that she had to come again before the public, she yielded and paid. When, in 1844, a certain Auguste, chief of this establishment, died, his book of receipts proved that he received from Nourrit annually 2000 francs; from Mdle. Taglioni, monthly, 300; from Fanny Elslér, for the first performance, 500—for the second, 300—and for each of the following performances, 100 francs. For the sake of our artists in America, we hope that applause and flowers are cheaper here." The critic of the *New York Daily Times* asserts, that Meyerbeer has imitated Verdi in the second part of the *Etoile du Nord*!!! Thalberg's *avant-courier*, Mr. B. Ullmann, had arrived by the steamer Baltic, at New York, where the eminent pianist proposed commencing his musical campaign as soon as the presidential contest was decided. "No man, probably," urges the *Musical Review*, "can have more prospect of success than Thalberg. He has been known in America by reputation for many years, where his name is familiar to thousands who have never heard of the other great



contemporaries who excel upon his instrument. The pianoforte of every advanced amateur and pupil has borne upon its desk the *Lucia Fantasia*, or some other of his compositions, while the school of which he is the founder has been very popular. All will be anxious to see and hear Thalberg, and his name will overshadow any assistants he may bring with him, even if Vivier is among the number. He will need aid, not to attract the public, but only as a rest for himself." The speedy arrival of Madame Angri is also announced, so that there will be no lack of musical novelties in New York for one season more at least.—Mr. J. W. Wallack, jun., son of the celebrated actor of the same name, and reputed the best juvenile tragedian on the American stage, will shortly appear at the Boston Museum. Mr. J. W. Wallack corrects the report that his enfeebled health compelled him to relinquish for the season the management of his theatre, etc. He says that for the last eight months he has been, and is at present, in sounder and better health than he has enjoyed for eight years previous. He goes to the south to act engagements in Charleston, Savannah, New Orleans, and other cities where he has not appeared for nine years.—A controversy has been going forward for some time about the origin of the song "Yankee Doodle," which, it seems, the Dutch claim as their property, and not without right, as the following article, which we extract from the *New York Evening Post*, goes far to prove:—

"A writer in *Harper's Magazine* for the current month seems to find his Dutch blood dancing to a new tune in the delight he experiences at a discovery in recent researches into American literature, concerning the much-disputed origin of 'Yankee Doodle.' Of course we cannot find it in our hearts to criticise the 'song in use among the Dutch labourers,' which 'trolls out thus':

'Yanker didel, doodel down  
Didel, dudel, lanter,  
Yanke viver, voover rown  
Bottermilk und Tanther.'

"There is a genuineness in the look of these lines which reminds one of the works of Diedrick Knickerbocker; and we rejoice in the addition of this testimony to the mass of evidence going to show the immense value of the Dutch element in our population which the 'lose! Yankees' (we mean New Englanders) have so studiously obscured and covered up in history. We commend this subject to the Historical Society. And in this connection we desire to add another and a similar proof of the base spirit which has hitherto succeeded in preventing the merits of our early Dutch literature from shining by its own light in the darkness which always precedes the dawn of a great era.

"These remarks have been suggested by finding among the curious Dutch works in the library of the Historical Society a copy of the poems of the learned Rijnme-Laar, a much neglected writer, who accompanied Adrian Block in the 'Tiger' to New Netherlands in 1612-13. It is well known that Block's ship was burnt at Manhattan while he was preparing to return to Holland, and that he was obliged to remain while engaged in building the yacht, which was the glorious Dutch harbinger of the future maritime supremacy of New Netherlands. It was at this time that the first cabins were built on Manhattan Island; and it is supposed that the poet exercised his talent for composition 'in the midst of the perils and trials of the early colonial settlement,' not repelled by the rudeness of the wild life of America, but drawing from its unkempt nature fresh illustrations and a bolder imagery."

"But to our extract: (Vervolg der Gedichten van H. K. Rijnme-Laar, 2, p. 66.) The intelligent reader will need no further introduction or comment, in view of such 'flat burglary as ever was committed.'"

"Heile Kolombie's jollie landt;  
Heile das burgher's belliepandt,  
Vat held das laws und bond das stadt  
Vat was nein loose, nein dawn, nein late;  
Und ven licht of sonne was gone  
Vas loosed und leit das honor daun.  
Boosaardig mensch may carp and yaw,  
Goedaardig mensch zorg nein von straw:  
Allos ready for zwaar-bier  
Wanneer Hollandenschan appear:  
Vast, vereenigd leit vos bee  
Hauling taut our bandt-bellie;  
On bewimpeld en our talk,  
Leit us blazen for Nieuw-Jorek."

"New York, Oct. 1, 1856.

BLINK BOLLIKOT."

## THE PARIS "UNIVERS" AND THE THEATRES.

THE clerical portion of the Parisian press, which, up to the present time, has not taken much notice of things dramatic, has now experienced the necessity of alluding to this phase of profane life. The *Univers* has ventured upon this slippery ground, and chooses the holy sabbath to read us a homily on the abominable theatres of Paris. The commencement of its article is very funny, and the remainder too, as our readers will see.

"The Catholic church," says the organ of M. Veuillot, "despatches courageous priests to all the nations which the light of Christianity has not yet enlightened or warmed; she has missionaries in China and in the New world, but here in the Old World, close to ourselves, there exists a people so walled-up by its folly and its vice, that the most generous zeal of the church must retreat before it.

"We are going among the savages of Paris!"

"Let us stop at the opera. Musical works are rare. Their place is supplied by gigantic pedestals erected to singers.

"A lady has just made her first appearance! It is the most important fact which has occupied the attention of the *demi-monde* of Paris since the siege of Sebastopol. The lady was to sing in the *Prophète*, after the most illustrious Viardot. What a piece of audacity! for a long time people could not credit it. Her chest notes were studied one by one, as were also her head notes! The papers flung them at each other respectively like so many projectiles, for there were two very warlike camps.

"The fatal day at length arrived. The artist, having been preceded by a vigorous concert of *feuilletons*, appeared upon the boards, where a number of poor young girls caper about every day, in imitation of so many learned dogs, for a morsel of bread dipped in the smoke of gas! The lady sang well! The lady sang very well! and, in our opinion, she was right, for singing is her profession, although it may not resemble any other profession.

"You should hear her admirers at present! you should read the columns of their vociferous press! The details of the coronation of the Emperor Alexander are, in comparison, mere everyday occurrences! If a Russian prince does not lay his hand and his heart at the lady's feet, there is no longer any justice in the world! She equalled Mad Viardot and excelled Mad. Staltz; aye, excelled Mad. Staltz! the lady is for ever famous! Neither Marshal Pélissier nor the battle of Austerlitz ever made such a noise.

"But wait a moment! above the *feuilletons* in which these grand flourishes of trumpets are performed, there is a long article taken from the *Gazette des Tribunaux*. We think that we perceive in it Mad. Staltz, another queen, who once heard the same drums of the daily papers beat to arms before her. What can a queen be doing there?

"Alas! Her Majesty is pleading against the manager of the Funambules. A short time after descending from her musical throne, Mad. Staltz entered into partnership with the gentleman who drags along with great difficulty the little theatre where they play pantomimes and Harlequinades.

"It would appear that the crowned heads of the opera are subject to still more vicissitudes than mere constitutional monarchs.

"The idol, at whose feet such sweet rhetorical incense is now burnt, may, therefore, after various changes of fortune, rise to keep a tobacconist's shop, or take the cloaks and umbrellas at a place of public amusement.

"Can it be possible that the good and pious wife of our boot-maker, who takes her place, on Sunday, behind us, and between her husband and her three chubby-faced children, is better off in this world than an opera queen?

"Can it be that our charcoal merchant, with his black face, and our water carrier, who goes without socks in the winter, enjoy a more honourable and more secure position than the population of writers, musicians, actors, and scribblers of vaudevilles, and *feuilletons*, who write, play, and praise the demoralising trash with which we are every day defaced!

"We incline to this idea, as consoling as it is sad."—*French Paper.*

**THE VIOLIN.**—Slow and tender melodies, confided too often, now-a-days, to wind instruments, are, nevertheless, never better rendered than by a mass of violins. Nothing can equal the touching sweetness of a score of first strings made to sing by twenty well-skilled bows. That is, in fact, the true female voice of the orchestra—a voice at once passionate and chaste, heart-rending yet soft, which can weep, sigh, lament, chant, pray, and muse, or burst forth into joyous accents, as none other can do. An imperceptible movement of the arm, an almost unconscious sentiment on the part of him who experiences it, producing scarcely any apparent effect when executed by a single violin, shall, when multiplied by a number of them in unison, give forth enchanting gradation, irresistible impulse, and accents which penetrate to the very heart's core.—*Berlioz.*

**POPULARITY OF THE SONG "MALBROOK."**—A trifling circumstance led to the popularity of Malbrook song in France. The ill-starred Marie Antoinette having obtained the services of a simple peasant woman as nurse to the Dauphin, was one day struck by the smartness of an air, which, says the relater of the anecdote, "made the young prince open his eyes to the name of Marlborough!" The gay Queen's fancy was touched by the sprightly tune; even the King took up the refrain; and from the private apartments of Versailles to the stables the song made a furore in Paris, Beaumarchais even introducing it into his opera of *Figaro*. The thing, in fact, took; a rage for the name was evinced in many ways; stuffs, silks, ragouts, carriages, furniture, received the stamp of fashion with the title of Malbrook; in short, "nothing but the fall of the Bastille put a stop to the furore;" and it was revived again when Napoleon, albeit he had no taste for music, took to humming the air. "Indeed," concludes the antiquarian, who goes as seriously into the theme as though he were tracing the source of some heroic poem, "we are inclined to think with Monsieur de Chateaubriand, that it is very probably the same air as that sung by Godfrey de Bouillon under the walls of Jerusalem." This flourish of trumpets winds up with the brazen assurance that the Arabs chant it to this day.—*Dublin Review.*

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" .. ..	68. Song ..	(F) ..	1	0	
" .. ..	69. Figlio mio Padre—Duet ..	(D) ..	3	0	
Sonnambula ..	4. Ah! perchè non posso ..	(B flat) ..	1	6	
" .. ..	5. Ah! non giungo ..	(G) ..	1	6	
" .. ..	6. Come per me sereno ..	(E flat) ..	1	6	
" .. ..	7. Vi ravviso ..	(A flat) ..	1	6	
" .. ..	63. D' un pensiero—Duet ..	(C) ..	2	0	
" .. ..	64. A fosco cielo—Duet ..	(E flat) ..	2	6	
" .. ..	65. Prendi l' anel—Duet ..	(A flat) ..	3	0	
Lucia di Lammermoor ..	8. Fra poco a me ..	(A) ..	1	6	
" .. ..	9. Regnava nel silenzio ..	(U) ..	1	6	
Robert le Diable ..	10. Quand je quittais ..	(A flat) ..	1	6	
" .. ..	11. Robert, toi que j'aime ..	(F) ..	1	6	
Puritani .. ..	12. Qui la voce ..	(D) ..	1	6	
" .. ..	13. Son vergin vezzosa ..	(B flat) ..	1	6	
" .. ..	14. A te, o cara ..	(A flat) ..	1	0	
Botly .. ..	15. In questo semplice ..	(C) ..	1	6	
Eraani .. ..	16. Ernani, Ernani, involami ..	(G) ..	1	6	
" .. ..	67. Ah! morir potessi—Duet ..	(F) ..	2	0	
" .. ..	56. Come rugiada ..	(A) ..	1	6	
" .. ..	57. Infelice e tu ..	(A flat) ..	1	0	
" .. ..	58. Lo vedremo (Vieni meco) ..	(G) ..	1	6	
Lucrezia Borgia ..	17. Nella fatal ..	(B minor) ..	1	0	
" .. ..	18. Di pescatore ..	(D) ..	1	0	
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" .. ..	20. Com' e bello ..	(C) ..	1	0	
Nabuccodonosor ..	21. Un pensiero ..	(F) ..	1	0	
Fille du Regiment ..	22. Ciascun lo dice ..	(D) ..	1	0	
" .. ..	23. Apparvi alla luce ..	(E flat) ..	1	0	
" .. ..	24. Convien partir ..	(D) ..	1	0	
Luisa Miller ..	25. Quando le sare al placido ..	(E flat and F) ..	1	0	
" .. ..	73. La tomba—Duet ..	(E flat) ..	3	0	
Favorite .. ..	26. Scesa dal ciel ..	(G and C) ..	1	0	
" .. ..	27. A tanto amor ..	(D) ..	1	0	
" .. ..	28. O mio Fernando ..	(C) ..	1	6	
Norma .. ..	29. Casta Diva ..	(D) ..	1	6	
" .. ..	63. Deh con te—Duet ..	(G) ..	2	0	
Beatrice di Tenda ..	30. O divina Agnese ..	(G) ..	1	0	
Elisire d'Amore ..	31. Una furtiva lagrima ..	(D flat) ..	1	0	
Prigione d'Edimburgo ..	32. Sulla poppa ..	(A) ..	1	6	
" .. ..	61. Dormi, dormi ..	(F) ..	1	0	
Don Pasquale ..	33. Com' e gentil ..	(F) ..	1	0	
" .. ..	34. La morale ..	(B flat) ..	1	0	
Anna Bolena ..	35. Al dolce guidami ..	(E flat) ..	1	0	
Linda di Chamouni ..	36. O luce, di quest' anima ..	(A) ..	1	6	
" .. ..	71. Da quel di—Duet ..	(G) ..	3	0	
" .. ..	59. Se tanto in fra ..	(F) ..	1	0	
Il Trovatore ..	57. Stride la vampa ..	(D minor) ..	1	0	
" .. ..	58. Di quella pira ..	(G) ..	1	0	
" .. ..	39. Ah si, ben mio ..	(B flat) ..	1	0	
" .. ..	40. Deserto sulla terra ..	(C) ..	1	0	
" .. ..	41. D' amor sull' ali rosce ..	(G) ..	1	0	
" .. ..	42. Tacea la notte placida ..	(F) ..	1	0	
" .. ..	43. Il balen del suo sorriso ..	(A) ..	1	0	
" .. ..	44. Ah! che la morte ognora ..	(E flat) ..	1	0	
" .. ..	70. Si la Stanchezza—Duet ..	(F) ..	2	0	
La Traviata ..	46. Un di felice ..	(E) ..	1	6	
" .. ..	47. Parigi, o cara—Duet ..	(F) ..	1	6	
" .. ..	48. Di Provenza il suol ..	(C) ..	1	6	
" .. ..	49. Abbiamo ne' lieti calici ..	(G) ..	1	6	
" .. ..	50. Se una pudica vergine ..	(C) ..	1	6	
" .. ..	51. Un di quando le veneri ..	(E minor) ..	1	6	
" .. ..	52. Pura siccome un angelo ..	(G) ..	1	6	
" .. ..	53. Dite alla giovine ..	(C) ..	1	6	
" .. ..	74. Addio del passato ..	(C) ..	1	6	
" .. ..	75. Ah! forse e lui ..	(F) ..	1	6	
" .. ..	76. Di sprezzo degno ..	(E) ..	2	6	
" .. ..	77. Noi siamo Zingarelle ..	(F) ..	2	6	
L'Esclair ..	55. Quando del ciel ..	(B flat) ..	1	6	
Giulietta e Romeo ..	60. Ah! se tu dormi ..	(E flat) ..	1	0	
Andronica ..	62. Soave imagine ..	(A flat) ..	1	0	
Maria Padilla ..	72. Ah! figlia incante—Duet ..	(D) ..	3	0	
Il Barbiere di Siviglia ..	73. Il vecchietto cerca moglie ..	..	1	6	
Il Furioso ..	79. Raggio d'amore ..	..	1	0	

(To be continued.)

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Hall, Hungerford Market, London, begs to inform Emigrants to Australia and other Colonies, that he has just received from his relations in Holland, who are large seed growers, **TIN CANISTERS** containing the following **SEEDS**, very superior to any seeds exported before, at a very low price: 2 ounces of the large yellow cabbage lettuce; 2 ditto green; 2 ditto white coss lettuce, will not easily run to seed, and is a splendid salad; 2 ditto green, stands the frosty nights; 2 ditto of the large white royal cauliflower, 1½ feet in diameter; 2 ditto of the large new blood-red thin-leaved cabbage; 2 ditto of variegated cabbage; 2 ditto of the Eldorado leek, stands nearly 3 feet high, and will grow on all sorts of land; in 2 sorts, small packets of cucumber seed; 2 ditto melon, superior kind; and 25 packets of the best flower seeds, warranted, for 41, or half-canisters for 10s.—A circular, how to manage these, is inside the canister for those unacquainted with gardening.

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To Mr. Keating.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

THOMAS FRANCIS,  
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# HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

## M. JULLIEN'S ANNUAL SERIES OF CONCERTS,

### FOR ONE MONTH ONLY.

To Commence on WEDNESDAY, November 5th, 1856.

M. JULLIEN begs respectfully to announce that the Directors of Her Majesty's Theatre having placed that magnificent establishment at his disposition for the Winter Season, his ANNUAL SERIES of CONCERTS will begin on WEDNESDAY, Nov. 5, 1856.

IN making this announcement M. Jullien cannot refrain from offering once more his heartfelt thanks for the generous patronage which the public has bestowed upon him in his humble endeavours to provide for their gratification and amusement at the various theatres in which his concerts have been held within a period of 17 years. At Drury-lane, where they were originally instituted; at the Lyceum, where the numbers that applied for admission were wholly disproportionate to the size of the theatre; and subsequently at Drury Lane and Covent Garden, where through a long series of years these performances were alternately given, the same liberal support has been extended with a constancy on the part of the public of which M. Jullien may confess himself proud, and to insure a continuance of which is the height of his ambition. The rapid progress which a taste and appreciation for music have made of recent years among all classes of the community, and the practical experience that even the two great theatres last mentioned were often found too narrow to accommodate the crowds that flocked to hear the performances, encouraged M. Jullien in an idea long and earnestly contemplated—that of erecting a music hall sufficiently spacious to contain at least 10,000 people, and built on certain acoustic principles of which a long and intimate personal acquaintance with most of the larger theatres and music rooms of Europe and America had taught him the inestimable value. Being fortunate enough to meet with a body of gentlemen ready and willing to co-operate with him, M. Jullien was enabled in a great measure to carry out his plans, and to realise many desirable improvements that were the natural and premeditated consequences. The result was successful beyond anticipation. Instead of a short season of one month only, the concerts which took place under M. Jullien's direction in the new Music Hall of the Royal Surrey Gardens were for the space of three months (July, August, and September) the nightly rendezvous of musical amateurs and the élite of metropolitan society; and not only did the attendance increase in a degree commensurate with the extraordinary size of the new building, but on very frequent occasions there was not nearly room enough to meet the convenience of the multitude, many hundreds, unable to obtain standing place in the hall, being compelled to listen to the music, as well as that was possible, outside. Reference is made to this triumphant success, however, for no other purpose than to convey—first, M. Jullien's sense of gratitude for that public support which has so materially aided him in all his undertakings; and, lastly, his extreme gratification—which all who venerate Art and its admirable influences must share with himself—at the continually progressive attraction of Music as a medium of entertainment, relaxation, and, he trusts he may add, instruction to the masses. An event with which the public is well acquainted having deprived M. Jullien of the arena at which his annual series of winter performances have been most recently held, he addressed himself to the

directors of Her Majesty's Theatre, who at once accorded him the use of that splendid establishment, with all its various appurtenances, including the spacious and beautiful concert-room. The whole of the interior will be arranged in the form of an immense promenade; the stage decorated and fitted up (under the superintendence of Mr. Marshall, principal scenic artist at Her Majesty's Theatre) so as to resemble a jardin artificiel (artificial garden); the eclaireage will consist of a colossal crystal chandelier and 24 magnificent lustres; a dress circle, in the form of a large amphitheatre, will be erected in front of the grand tier, the reserved seats of which will be charged 2s. 6d. as usual; and the concert-room as a salon for reading and refreshments—the ensemble presenting a coup-d'œil as imposing and brilliant as the locale will be vast and commodious. The reading and refreshment room will be so closely connected with the orchestra and promenade that the music can be heard as distinctly there as in almost any other part of the theatre. Under these circumstances M. Jullien confidently relies upon being able to offer to the public, so far as accommodation and the general beauty of decorative details are concerned, an entertainment of a more complete and attractive nature than any he has hitherto presented. Of the wonderful adaptability of Her Majesty's Theatre for musical effect (owing to certain acoustic principles unnecessary to discuss), of the evident advantages of its situation, and of the prestige attached to its ancient position as the first lyric theatre in Europe, it is not necessary for M. Jullien to speak—these qualities having been commented upon by abler pens than his, and long been patent to the world. With regard to the exclusively musical department of his programme, M. Jullien, thanks to the undeviating support he has received from the English public, is in a condition to speak in terms of more than ordinary confidence. The orchestra, while even on a more extensive scale than hitherto, will enjoy other minute advantages. For the first time, and owing to the reasons specified, M. Jullien has found himself in a position to accomplish a project which has been uppermost in his mind from the commencement of his career. Instead of being compelled as heretofore to compose the greater part of his orchestra year after year out of new and heterogeneous elements, M. Jullien has been enabled to engage by the year a sufficiently large number of eminent executants to form the nucleus of a band of greater efficiency than any he has previously enjoyed the honour of conducting in public. During the interval between two seasons, in place of dispersing, and leaving the work of reconstruction to be done in anticipation of the coming service, these principal performers have been employed in constant practice and rehearsals, by means of which it is believed that a nearer approach to perfection in the general ensemble, and in the execution of those immortal compositions which the great classical masters have bequeathed to the world, has been obtained than was ever previously exhibited.

Among the Artists of celebrity enrolled as Perpetual Principals in the number of M. JULLIEN'S Orchestra are the following:—

Herr KÖNIG,  
M. LAVIGNE,  
Mr. HUGHES,  
M. SCHREURS,  
M. COLLINET,  
Mr. JARRETT,  
M. SONNENBERG,  
M. LE HON,

Mr. HARDY,  
Herr SCHMIDT,  
M. E. VIEUXTEMPS,  
M. LAFOSSÉ,  
M. DUBEM,  
M. SIMAR,  
M. DEMUNCK,  
M. DEMUNCK, Junce.

Herr KLIEGEL,  
Herr RICHIR,  
M. BRODELET,  
M. LELOUP,  
Herr KLEIN,  
Herr JAMARR,  
Herr HAAG,  
Herr VAN DEN-HEUVEL.

Herr HERMANN,  
Herr ENGELKE,  
Mr. HORATIO CHIPP,  
Herr POSSNER,  
Herr OPPENHEIM,  
Herr STOEKEL,  
Herr GRIBEN,  
Mr. SIMMONS.

&c. &c. &c.

Leaders—Mr. WILLY and Mons. KETTENUS.

Sous-Chefs d'Orchestre—Herr KÖNIG and Mons. SCHREURS.

Maestro al Piano and Director of the Chorus—Mr. LAND,

Conductor—MONS. JULLIEN.

Other arrangements are in progress with several Orchestral Performers of European reputation, who have promised M. Jullien the aid of their talents. The Concerts, with certain advisable modifications, will be conducted on the principles which for seventeen years have proved so invariably successful. The instrumental works of the acknowledged great Masters will be intermingled with, and afford a grateful relief to, those of a lighter class. A number of new Compositions will be introduced, and among others several written expressly for this Series of Concerts by M. Jullien, who has arranged Operatic Selections from those Works which have recently achieved the greatest success in the principal Theatres in Europe.

On the OPENING NIGHT will be introduced (for the first time) a Grand Selection from Verdi's Opera, LA TRAVIATA, for full Orchestra, with Solos for Oboe, Viola, Trumpet, Ophicleide, and Cornet-a-Pistons—the Solos to be executed by MM. Lavigne, Schreurs, Dubem, Mr. Hughes, and Herr König. Several new Morceaux de Danse will be introduced; and among others a new Valse, entitled Excelsior, designed as pendant to La Prima Donna, with Solo and Variation, expressly composed by M. Jullien for Herr König.

SIX VAISES SENTIMENTALES, entitled—1. Constance; 2. Les Soupirs; 3. La Declaration; 4. Esperance; 5. Le Billet Doux; 6. The Wedding Waltz. Two new Polkas, called the Minnie Polka and the Tambourine Polka; and a New Quadrille, under the name of the Piccolomini Quadrille. M. Jullien has also composed, as companion to the English Quadrille (which has always been received in so flattering a manner by the public), a New Grand Quadrille, entitled the French Quadrille, founded upon the most popular French National Melodies, in the convivial, pastoral, comic, dramatic, and military styles—each figure in the quadrille embodying a distinct characteristic of its own. The most renowned Orchestral Overtures and Symphonies of Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Weber, Spohr, Rossini, Auber, &c., will, as heretofore, be selected from time to time, and presented whole or in parts, as circumstances may suggest, but always with the care and attention due to their transcendent merits.

Vocal music having invariably been a prominent feature in M. Jullien's Concerts, he is happy in being able to announce that arrangements have been completed with

a cantatrice of the highest eminence, whose name will be disclosed when the full preliminary details are ready for publication. M. Jullien, in again respectfully tendering his grateful acknowledgments to the public, confidently trusts that the arrangements for his present series of concerts (the 18th) will in every respect give satisfaction to those who honour him with their patronage and support. The Refreshment Department will be conducted with the greatest care and solicitude, under the sole direction of the Concert Management, and on a moderate scale of prices. Daily papers (morning and evening), weekly papers, reviews, magazines, and periodicals of every description, and the principal journals of Europe, America, the British provinces and colonies, will be found on the tables in the reading room.

Prices of admission:—Promenade, 1s.; upper boxes, 1s.; gallery, 1s.; dress circle, 2s. 6d.; private boxes, 10s. 6d., £1 1s. and upwards. Private boxes to be secured of Mr. Nugent, at the box-office of the theatre; at all the principal libraries and music-sellers; and at Jullien and Co.'s, 214, Regent-street.

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